

# The Republican.

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## CELEBRATION OF PAINE'S BIRTH-DAY.

### LONDON DINNER, &c.

ON Thursday, the 29th ult., one of the dinners that took place in the metropolis, in commemoration of the birth of Thomas Paine, was held at the White Hart Tavern, in Bishopsgate Street. It took place in the long room of that tavern: there was one table across the upper end of the room, and there were two tables lengthways, extending to the end of the room; and those tables were fully occupied with very respectable company.

Mr. West expressed his regret at the absence of an individual who had been expected to be present (Mr. Galloway) to take the chair; in such extremity, he begged leave to move that Mr. Henman do take the chair. (*applause*)

This proposition having been carried by acclamation,

Mr. Henman took the chair. He observed, that he considered society had a right to command the services of a member of its body; and that however he might lament his own inefficiency, he should cheerfully comply with the wish of the room, and discharge the duties of the chair to the best of his abilities. (*applause*)

The cloth was removed by half past six o'clock.

Mr. Henman, the Chairman, then rose and said, that they met that day for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of the birth of one of the most open-hearted and disinterested men on the face of the globe, certainly one of the most open-hearted and disinterested Republicans that ever lived. They had assembled to commemorate the birth of Thomas Paine, a Republican of such merit that his writings had done more to enlighten mankind than had the labours of any other writer. (*applause*) When such was the object of their assembling, he rejoiced to see so respectable a meeting; and it was satisfactory to him (the Chairman) at the same time to reflect that, as he had reason to know, there were several other similar meetings in different parts of the metropolis. He had observed, that Mr. Paine's writings had really taken the lead in the great work of enlightening mankind. That writer had unfolded, to his countrymen in particular, the abuses of governments,

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and the just principles on which they ought to be founded; but the benefits of such illumination had not been limited to England—the world had been benefited by such labours. Other countries had experienced the benefits of such powerful writings. The country where there was the most free government that, perhaps, was to be found on the face of the globe, had early and essentially derived benefits from the writings of Mr. Paine. Such was the character, such was the value, of the individual, the anniversary of whose birth they had met to celebrate; and as every individual must now more than ever see the advantage and necessity of correcting the abuses in Governments, he thought he need not say more to enforce the merit of the individual—he should therefore propose, that they drink

“The Immortal memory of Thomas Paine.” The proposition was received with loud applause.

Mr. Gale Jones said, it would be a proper mark of their respect to drink this toast in silence; (*hear, hear*) it was accordingly drank upstanding, but in solemn silence. Each individual, however, in acknowledging the toast, repeated loudly, “To the Immortal memory of Thomas Paine!”

The Chairman said, he had next to give a toast in which he felt assured they would join hands and hearts. He assured them he was not going to give the vulgar toasts which were usually noticed by the “higher circles,” to those classes they stood directly opposed, and therefore their vulgar toasts would not be copied.—(*applause*) He gave

“The female Republicans of every country.” With three times three. It was enthusiastically drank, and honoured with loud applause.

The Chairman observed, that the toast which he was about to propose was what they had seen adopted in America; its sentiment and principle had there been exemplified, and it had not been found wanting—the toast was

“The People, the just foundation of power.” (*loud applause*)

The Chairman said, that the next toast which he had to propose, was one also of great importance. Its absence was felt in this country; it was not established here as it ought to be established, and while its want was felt, so long would the people feel that they had limited means of making their wrongs known, of achieving redress. Its absence had been, in different parts of the world, the cause why so many individuals, at different times, had been condemned to the stake, the scaffold, and the dungeon. Had it existed, had the Liberty of the Press existed in other countries, the “Holy Alliance”—he begged pardon, the *unholy* alliance, (*laughter and applause*) would not, could not, have been formed. (*continued applause*) And but for that infamously *unholy* alliance, the Government of one country could not have stepped into a neighbouring country to put down the efforts to establish a

free constitution, and to restore those blessings of legitimacy the inquisition, priesthood, and slavery! (*applause*) But for that monstrously unholy alliance, a foreign force could not have had the opportunity of consigning to death, or exile, those who had supported a constitution which received the approbation of the best parts of the nation, of the virtuous portions of the community. If such had been the effect of the absence of the "Liberty of the Press" in other countries, did it not give them cause for serious reflection? Having thus succeeded in one direction, what might not such holy, or unholy, alliance attempt in other quarters? (*hear, hear*) In this country, in this age of British liberty, in this boasted England, did they not behold that the Liberty of the Press was constantly and still more virulently attacked? They beheld individuals consigned to prison for investigating or attacking the abuses of Governments; nay, they saw them immured in dungeons for attacking the gross and corrupt prejudices of the age. But let such powers only succeed in restraining the press, or in binding down the press, and no longer would they have the opportunity of communicating with each other, and of disseminating their sentiments throughout the world. No longer would they have the opportunity of obtaining redress, however great might be the abuses of power. Whatever might be their situation, he could assure them that they had no better opportunity of appealing to the people, of making their sentiments known to the nation, than through the medium of the press. He therefore gave

"The Liberty of the Press." With three times three. It was received with decided applause.

Mr. Price, who had before evinced the desire of calling forth Mr. Gale Jones by proposing his health, now requested that Mr. Jones might be called on for a song. (*hear, hear*)

Mr. Gale Jones said, that his worthy friend had previously been out of order; and that he evinced no disposition to correct his manners. He was of a very persevering nature, and was determined to call him (Mr. Jones) forth by some means or other. He (Mr. J.) was to be brought before them. After breakfast he had endeavoured to scribble something in honour of the day, and the result they should cheerfully have. As the production was not from a Lord Byron, or from a Moore; but as it was the unfeudged effort of a very humble muse, he trusted that the value of the principles would compensate for the deficient poetry. (*applause*)

He sang the following Song:—

Tune—"Church and King."

Ye Freemen of Old Albion's Isle,  
Where'er ye chance to stray;  
Come join with me, in social glee,  
To celebrate this day:

For 'tis a day to mem'ry dear,  
 And Freedom's sacred flame;  
 A name we meet with joy to greet,  
 Immortalized by Fame.

*Chorus.* Come fill each glass, the toast shall be,  
 Here's Thomas Paine with three times three!

When tyrants their vile schemes began,  
 Across th' Atlantic wave;  
 Paine quickly form'd the glorious plan,  
 America to save.

His "*Common Sense*"  
 Soon drove them thence,  
 And set Columbia free;  
 Each despot's slave  
 Soon found a grave,  
 Or perished in the sea.

*Chorus.* Your glasses fill, and drink with me,  
 The "*Rights of Man*" with three times three!

When fiery bigots mad with rage,  
 And tyrants fierce combin'd  
 To hide fair nature's ample page,  
 And chain the freeborn mind;  
 Paine spurn'd their yoke,  
 Their spells he broke,  
 With Reason's potent sway;  
 Their phantoms vanish'd into air,  
 Like mists before the day!

*Chorus.* Then fill each glass and drink with me,  
 Here's "*Priestcraft's Fall*," with three times three.

Now let's unite in social bands,  
 Like brothers in one cause;  
 For Truth and Justice join our hands,  
 And strive for equal laws.  
 And while you are assembled here,  
 Oh! think, that all this while,  
 In dungeon drear, no comfort near,  
 A pris'ner is Carlile!

*Chorus.* Your voices raise, and shout with me,  
 "The brave Carlile," with three times three,

Soon shall each despot's reign be past,  
 And priestcraft done away;  
 The "*Age of Reason's*" coming fast,  
 And Truth will have its day.

Then Freedom's Tree,  
Shall planted be,  
And fix its spreading root;  
While ev'ry soil,  
Shall share the spoil,  
And taste its blessed fruit.

*Chorus.* Proclaim the sound, our cry shall be,  
For "Universal Liberty!"

The Song was most flatteringly received.

The Chairman next gave:—

"The Republicans of every country, and may they shake hands over the grave of the last Tyrant." With three times three.

Mr. Price then sang, in a very animated manner, Moore's  
"Fill the Goblet fair!"

The Chairman, in giving the next toast, said, that he must request that it be honoured upstanding and in silence. It was:—

"The Immortal memory of Riego."

Mr. Evans afterwards sang:—

"The Chapter of Kings."

Mr. Henman, the Chairman, next proposed:—

"Success to the brave Greeks, and may they be speedily delivered from the gloomy and sanguinary despotism under which they have long groaned." With three times three.

Mr. Moat then sang:—

"We'll have our rights,  
"And we'll have our liberty."

The Chairman afterwards gave:—

"The Age of Reason, and may it produce the Rights of Man."

Mr. Gale Jones said, he had again been called on for a song; he would give them a little thing which he just recollects; but he hardly knew whether he could proceed on account of the noise made by the ringing of the bells of the neighbouring church, as he had observed the flags flying on the tops of the churches as he came along; and as he then and now heard the bells ringing, he wished to know from the Chairman, whether he had ordered such things in compliment to Mr. Paine. (*Much laughter and applause.*) It was the anniversary of the accession of George IV.

The Chairman observed that, Mr. Paine had no liking for such foolery. (*hear, hear*)

Mr. G. Jones then sang, the Hymn of Freedom.

The Chairman next gave, as a toast, "General Mina, and the Patriots of Spain." With three times three.

Mr. G. Jones, you mention the "Patriots" of Spain, pray who are they? May I ask, who they are, who were the said "Patriots?"

The toast was drank.

The Chairman requested the attention of the company to Mr. Hill, who, he understood, had something to recite to the company.

Recitation by Mr. Hill.

The Chairman gave "The immortal memory of Muir, Margerot, Gerald, and the other victims of Scottish law, in 1793." In silence.

Mr. Beckwith said he was in possession of a Song composed by *Gerald* when on board the Transport, and about to quit this country; and as he believes he could remember it, with leave of the company he would sing it. It was brought by Mr. Thelwall from Mr. Gerald, who had returned with Mr. G.'s only child, of which Mr. G. was not allowed to take Farewell. (Hear that, ye *Christian* rulers.) Mr Beckwith than sang, the Exile.

TORN from my country, afar on the ocean,  
Toss'd on the rude waves, 'midst the storms wild commotion,  
I fly from that land, where nature and truth,  
Attended like parents the days of my youth.

Remember the patriot—remember the patriot—  
Remember the patriot, and learn to be free.

From the arms of my friends, and the smiles of relations,  
From the solace of life, and the bliss of creation,  
I was cast in a dungeon, where tyranny's gloom—  
Transform'd into comforts, the shroud and the tomb.

Remember, &c.

The sweet prattling child, who in sickness and sorrow,  
Would cheer, and support the fond hopes of the morrow—  
Was denied e'en to mingle, the last sigh of despair,  
Or to part life's affections, bedewed with a tear.

Remember, &c.

The wretch who enthroned on the shackles of nations,  
May provoke the contempt of a patriot's patience,  
But the day is not distant when deprived of his reins,  
He may sigh for my fetters, and envy my chains.

Remember, &c.

Then proceed, honest friends, in freedom's promotion,  
Let the grand corps of truth move in regular motion;  
United and firm, in the fair face of day,  
And desirous alone what is just to display.

Remember, &c.

(Mr. Gerald was sent to Norfolk Island; the interview with his only child previously to the parent's final separation from his native country, having been refused, he soon fell a victim to his fate, hastened as it was by acute sensibility. Gerald was no common man; he had been the pupil of the celebrated *Dr. Parr*,

from whom he received the warmest and most justly deserved encomiums.)

Mr. Gale Jones then rose, and said, that he had a strong wish to propose a toast for the adoption of the company. (*hear, hear.*) It would be recollect that when the last toast was given, he had asked, *who* were the "Patriots?" The question might have been somewhat rudely put; yet he could not help asking it, and he thought he could show the company that the question was not altogether inapplicable. Who, then, he would repeat, were the "Patriots" of Spain? He almost began to dislike the word "Patriot;" it was attaching Patriotism to a Party.

The Chairman interrupted Mr. Jones, observing that they had not met there for the purposes of discussion; as to the toast, he had only to say, that he hoped they would be prepared to pay the like compliment to all who endeavoured to ameliorate the abuses of the Governments under which they might live. (*applause.*)

Mr. G. Jones said, he had done, he bowed to the decision of the chair.

There were, however, loud calls for Mr. Jones to proceed, and after some time

Mr. Gale Jones resumed. He said he had been much misunderstood, if it were supposed that he was desirous of questioning any toast. That was not his object. He admitted the power of the chair; he knew the forms that ought to be observed in such a meeting; but he could not abandon the right to have his own private judgment. If he were to do so, he could not distinguish between a despotic and a republican meeting; he could not bow down before such intellectual thraldom. But his object was different from that of merely complaining of what might be supposed to be the tendency of the toast; he had a higher and a much more comprehensive object. He wished to direct their attention to the character and conduct of the persons who were called "Patriots." He must repeat by the way, that he wished the word "Patriot" expunged at least from their vocabulary. It argued narrow principles and limited objects; it seemed to say that their exertions were and ought to be limited to the soil that gave them birth; and he therefore wished that the word "Patriot" should be expunged, and that of "REPUBLICAN" substituted. (*loud applause.*) He wished the assembly to reflect on this matter seriously and deeply. "Patriots" had been the cause of wars and bloodshed; hence why had the Patriots of Spain failed, and the Republicans of America succeeded? He was desirous of bowing to the decision of the Chair, but the company wished him to proceed; and he therefore declared that he viewed the struggle as being for no limited objects: he considered that they ought to struggle "for the cause, and for the cause alone." That cause was the same in all seasons, in all countries, at all periods: it was not of an age, but for all time. It was that cause for which Wallace

had bled, Riego suffered, and Washington fought and conquered. (*loud applause.*) And if there had been honest men in Spain, if the leaders there had continued to contend for that which they originally claimed, there would have been in Spain at that moment what there ought to be—a REPUBLIC! (*hear and applause.*) But they had been deceived, defeated, and seduced by court and courtier like intrigues; they had listened to the *Whigs* of England, and they were lost; they were talked to about “two houses,” about “a House of Lords,” and the great cause was ruined. Those who were now somehow called “Patriots,” had suffered themselves to be drawn from their duty; and eventually they were compelled to fly like fugitives, to take refuge in this country; and they were now living on the miserable charities of the Whigs. Had they not listened to those Whigs; had they not talked and intrigued about a *second* house; had they persevered in the cause which first brought them into action, they would not have failed: yet failed they had, and they had fled, but they fled and left the brave RIEGO to suffer. This was the view which he had been desirous of bringing before the meeting. What he had struggled for, who had not been merely scratched and scared in the contest, but who had borne the brunt of the storm, was not counterfeit Birmingham coin, but *democracy*—REPUBLICANISM. (*applause.*) There was a publication of great importance, and in which all these facts and results were shown and demonstrated; it was entitled, “*The Last Days of Spain;*” and he wished some spirited bookseller would have it printed in a cheap form. It would be of infinite use. It gave an account of the springs of action, of the real motives of those who had been but too successful in producing the late disastrous effects in Spain; and it would be a guide for all who hereafter should be engaged in a struggle to conquer their freedom. There it would be found stated in a clear and distinct manner what were those afflicting and false movements which had enabled the infamous Ferdinand to re-establish priesthood, to harrass those who had contended for a free constitution and to bring Riego to the scaffold. The leading men in the Constitutional Community of Spain had been unhappily seduced to listen to the Whigs; and hence arose the failures and disasters which they had seen. The Republicans mingled with the Whigs, and that ensured their destruction. He meant those whigs who had met at the London Tavern, who had professed aid to the Spaniards, and who, in return for the Duke of San Loneugo’s demand of “IRON and gold,” gave *empty speeches!* (*loud applause.*) The Constitutional Spaniards had been seduced from their original, simple system—they had begun to intrigue about “two houses,” about a “House of Lords;” and because Riego had been the only faithful Republican general, he had been sacrificed. He had been faithful to the Republic, and they had seen the consequences: Riego, the brave Riego, had been basely sacrificed. Then let

them draw some moral conclusion from these events. After all the calumnies that had been heaped on them, let it never be forgotten that their only hope and salvation would be, an intimate union with one another, and a firm determination to propagate their principles even at the hazard of their lives. It was also important that they should declare what their principles were; he for one declared, without fear, that he would hear of nothing short of, be content with nothing short of, a REPUBLIC. All other forms were those of folly, fraud and usurpation, calculated to chain down the human mind and eventually to destroy all intellect. (*loud applause.*) He was therefore for the cause for which Wallace bled; the cause of the Commonwealth:—It was the cause of the million against the few; the cause which armed the Republicans against Charles, and led them to decapitate an infamous tyrant. Nothing but the success of such a cause would satisfy him; nothing but the success of such a cause he trusted would satisfy them; and therefore, like him, he hoped they would be faithful followers, honest disciples of their great master, and leader, Thomas Paine; that they would continue to urge and contend for what was required in Mr. Paine's great master pieces, the "Rights of Man," and "the Age of Reason." (*loud applause.*) He concluded with proposing as a toast,

"The cause for which Wallace bled, Riego suffered, and Washington fought and conquered." With three times three. It was honoured with loud applause.

Mr. Corbett rose, and begged leave to propose,

"The health of Richard Carlile, and may he live to triumph over his enemies." (*loud applause.*)

Mr. Henman, the chairman, said, he should propose the toast with great pleasure. He knew no individual who was more entitled to their respect and esteem. He had boldly stood forward to expose that system of corruption, called the system of Government. He did not do it on his own account alone; he stood forward as the advocate of Free Discussion: he said, whither truth will lead me, thither will I go. He also said he was ready to promulgate the sentiments of those who opposed him; and if proved to be in error, he declared himself ready to retract his opinions. What could he do more? How could he prove himself a better friend of free discussion? Yet what had he done for himself? He had got himself consigned to a Prison for four years, and so closely deprived of many requisites, that the Chairman believed, for the last three months, Mr. Carlile had not even been shaved, his razors having been taken away from him. (*hear hear*) Nor had such severe treatment and imprisonment been extended to Mr. Carlile alone; his wife and sister had been treated with much harshness. The conduct they had experienced was disgraceful to Men. But he (the Chairman) rejoiced to say that the persecution, so far from dismaying individuals, had induced many to step

forward, and declare, that if Mr. C. wanted assistants, they were ready to step forward and fill the gaps that might be occasioned:—they were ready for the stake or the rack—which would be resorted to, did the intelligence of the age permit them; therefore, Mr. C. had done much in showing the enemy what could be done. There were amongst them that evening, some of those who had suffered on Mr. Carlile's account, and so little dismayed were they, that they were prepared again to pursue the like career. But what they all contended for were, not the principles merely of Mr. Paine or Mr. Carlile, but those of truth and justice. They contended for the right of free discussion—to spread their opinions far and wide—to benefit, if they were able, all mankind. As Mr. Carlile had done so much towards the accomplishment of this great object, he was glad his health had been proposed. He also complimented this meeting, because it had openly and avowedly published the object of assembling; there were, to his knowledge, many similar meetings in different parts of the Metropolis, but they had not openly and publicly avowed the object of their meeting. He therefore thought such meetings much less meritorious and useful than this; however, none of them, he was persuaded, would forget Richard Carlile, who had done so much to make the works of Mr. Paine known in all parts of the world. (*applause*) He also spoke strongly in favour of representative Governments, and lamented the absence of Mr. Galloway, and that such individual had been driven from the representation of those whom he ought to have represented.

Mr. Carlile's health was drank amidst warm applause.

Mr. Hatch sung—"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

After some further toasts, "the Immortal memory of Mr. Penn;" the health of the Chairman, &c.

The company gradually separated, after having passed an excellently conducted meeting

#### BIRMINGHAM PAINE CLUB.

#### THIRD ANNIVERSARY.

DESPOTS may as well attempt to arrest the universe in its course, as to stay the progress of human intellect. As time rolls on in its career, the advocates of free discussion increase in numbers, and in the diffusion of philosophical truths. Even Birmingham appears to be fast emerging from that barbarous superstition which has hitherto disgraced the character of its people; and to be taking an active part in the great work of emancipating man-

kind from the gloomy and fanatical opinions, which the priests and tyrants of all ages and nations, have laboured so assiduously to impress upon the credulity of their fellow creatures.

The following abridged report of the proceedings of the Birmingham Paine Club, on the 29th of January, 1824, will be read with interest by every individual who wishes well to the cause of justice and humanity, as they exhibit the important fact, that a change is fast effecting in the morals and opinions of the people. It is indeed gratifying to find, that each succeeding year brings forth an additional number of proselytes, who are neither afraid nor ashamed to avow themselves as the friends and supporters of the principles of THOMAS PAINE. May they continue to increase, till not a man shall be found so ignorant as to condemn them, without first becoming acquainted with the foundation on which they are erected!

Previous to commencing the report, it may be as well to observe, that the day, as usual, was ushered in by the enlivening peals of the bells of the different churches, which continued at intervals until midnight; this was done by order of the petty s- traps of Birmingham, to evince their devotion to what they term *loyalty*.

Dinner being concluded and the cloth removed, the Chairman, MR. THOMAS BILLINGHAM, opened the proceedings by observing, that he was proud to see around him such a number of individuals who had cast aside the superstitious phrensy of former ages, and whose opinions were founded on the increased knowledge of later times. It was the practice of the members of this institution, not to give vent to their feelings by making a bedlamite noise when they heard expressions which had their sanction. Such a bawling mode of proceeding was practised by their enemies, and certainly ought not to be imitated by men who made a proper use of the reasoning faculties with which nature had endowed them. The first sentiment he should propose was—

The People, the genuine fountain of power, and the only foundation of a good and wise government.

Song by Mr. ASKEW—"In these disastrous dismal days."

THE CHAIRMAN then said, that on various occasions he had lamented his want of ability to express, by words, his feelings; but never in his life did he feel that embarrassment greater than on the present occasion, when it was necessary to speak on the merits of a character whose sentiments he held in the highest admiration. Fourscore and seven years had rolled down the channel of time since the birth of that distinguished individual, whose memory they were met to celebrate. At the period when Thomas Paine burst into manhood, the political horizon was gloomy in the extreme—a horde of tyrant kings had leagued together with a determination to drive the chariot of despotism through the world, and chain to its wheels all who dare to dispute their sovereign

right to rule the nations with a rod of iron. It was in this hour of difficulty and danger that the champion of freedom boldly attacked the citadel of corruption, and exposed the rottenness of its composition, by making it appear clearly that man had equal rights to participate in the pleasures and enjoyments which nature had so abundantly showered upon him. The company were well versed in the history of the revered champion of their independence; which superseded the necessity of his entering into a particular detail of his utility to mankind. The affections of every real friend of freedom were riveted to his memory on account of the pure and unadulterated principles of truth and justice, which, in his writings, he with such energy and simplicity enforced. He fearlessly taught, that a government, not established by the universal consent of the people, was unjust in its very nature, and ought to be resisted by all the means that could be devised. He taught also, that whenever it fell to the lot of a nation to enjoy its natural rights, and choose a representative form of government, the proper management of its affairs would depend entirely upon the selection of such characters as were worthy of having so great a trust confided in their hands. It was an historical fact, not to be denied, that corruption had crept into courts progressively: and must be attributed either to negligence, or want of intelligence in the parties over whom such corruption was practised—for when once a people become indifferent to the management of their institutions, a banditti was always ready to seize with avidity the advantage of plundering and imposing upon them. And in courts, corruption, when once commenced, was seldom stopped in its career, till it had buried in its recesses all that was great and good.

It was to rectify such negligence and errors, and to exhibit to his fellow men the model of a government founded upon the principles of justice, that our immortal friend wrote the invaluable pages of the Rights of Man. In that publication is embodied all that is requisite for man to understand as to a system of good government, in its pages shine with resplendent beauty, justice in all its magnanimity—philanthropy in all its purity—and peace with all its blessings. “I congratulate you,” said Mr. Billingham, “on the rising popularity of this work—it is now sought after with such alacrity as to astonish and confound the sons of corruption. Such is the rapid march knowledge is making in this kingdom, that I believe the day is not far distant when the principle laid down in the Rights of Man, will be universally revered, if not put into execution. I conjure you, my fellow citizens, to read and study its pages—to place them in the hands of your children—to introduce them into the dwellings of your friends, and to persuade the whole circle of your acquaintance to peruse their contents, and recommend them to those, whose prejudice ignorantly despises both the work and its author—you cannot calculate the good effects that would result from such a line

of conduct. Often when contrasting the simplicity which shines throughout the pages of Common Sense and the Rights of Man, with the writings and speeches of the courtly sycophants of Europe, I have felt emotions, which to this day have made a deep impression on my mind and which will never be erased. In the one we find a sentence of condemnation pointedly passed against all those who unjustly prey upon the national resources—in the other, we have a jargon about the dignity of the crown—the divine right of kings to govern the people as they please—together with a justification of the crimes which they are in the daily habit of committing. This brings to my mind the favourite form of Government which Mr. Paine has so majestically described—not one whose offices were to be filled by sycophants—no! His genius devised a Government in which neither kings, nor priests, nor peers, would be permitted to participate; and well has his bosom friend, Goldsmith, described the real strength and sinews on which such a Government must place reliance,

“ Princes and lords may flourish and may fade,  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;  
But a bold peasantry, their country’s pride,  
*When once destroyed, can never be supplied!*”

I will endeavour to carry your ideas to the very edifice of which Paine’s wisdom enabled him to lay the foundation—it exists in America! A council chamber, supported by the good wishes, and cemented with the affections of those for whose benefit its members legislate! It contains characters selected by the people from the different districts of the States, for their known intelligence and integrity; in the centre of this council is seated, in no splendid attire, a man chosen by the same people to preside for a period of time, and for whose services to the nation, a sufficient remuneration is made. Their present President, James Monroe, is a man of known talent; well acquainted with the situation of his country, and takes *an active part* in the administration of its affairs. No crown adorns his head, or star his breast: such glittering gew-gaws of folly, such play things for fools, are treated with the contempt which they justly merit. What a contrast with the haughty, ambitious, overbearing, intriguing, and restless spirit by which the tyrants of Europe are actuated! But we cease to wonder at their conduct on calling to mind, that the beings who compose their administrations, are generally as despicable as crime and imbecility can make them: look, for instance, at the pampered minions surrounding the bloated carcase of as vile a vagrant as ever cursed a country. I mean Louis the XVIII. a thing hardly in human shape, whose guilty mind dictated the late horrid war against the citizens of Spain, and caused that revolution in their affairs, which will operate as an eternal stigma on their name. When the despot cried war, all his minions of the ministry res-

ponded, *amen*; and so it is with all kingly Governments—the minister who encounters the will of his master, is dismissed from office, despised by his former associates, his property confiscated, his family reduced to beggary, and he frequently sums up his miseries by putting an end to his existence. Alas! alas! how many instances of this description have occurred! the murders of helpless infants, fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers—wanton profligacy—wilful waste of public property—unjust seizures—cruel imprisonments—“wars, famines, battles, murders, and sudden deaths”—these are evils that follow in the train of kingly Governments, and that man who has courage to point out their abominations and vindicate the insulted right of human nature, merits the grateful thanks of a universal world—such a man was found in the person of the immortal Thomas Paine. Gentlemen, I now close these observations with my earnest desire that the day may soon arrive, when knowledge shall banish from the earth, kingcraft and priestcraft, and every vestige of superstition, and liberty, truth, and justice, reign without a rival. I am sure you will heartily join me in drinking

“To the Immortal memory of Thomas Paine, the Political Saviour of the world.” Drank by each individual of the company with the most solemn silence, standing.

Song—“The day returns, friends of mankind rejoice.”

Tune—“The blush of aurora awakens this day.”

Mr. George Jackson next claimed the attention of the meeting, and observed, that he was very glad of an opportunity of congratulating the company on the happy return of the birth day of the greatest champion that ever ventured to support the cause of human freedom, the intrepidity with which he conducted his crusade against the leagued tyrants of mankind, would for ever cause his memory to be revered and honoured; but their Chairman had eulogized his virtues, and it devolved upon him (Mr. J.) to introduce the name of a gentleman who might be considered the successor of Paine, and who, he firmly believed, was at this moment, the bravest and most undaunted man in the universe. Mr. Carlyle commenced his public career at a period when persecution was the order of the day; when despots silenced with the secular arm such as were sufficiently honest to oppose their iniquitous proceedings—the chief object of such wretches appeared to be to overawe virtue by their threats and tortures—they had persecuted Mr. Paine, and caused his effigy to be burnt by infatuated fanatics—they had persecuted Dr. Priestly, one of the greatest ornaments the English nation ever produced—they had persecuted Mr. Carlyle because the doctrines he promulgated were inimical to their system of fraud and plunder; in fact, whenever a virtuous and honest individual explained to his fellow countrymen the true method of securing the enjoyment of their happiness, it had invariably been the case, that every attempt to ruin him was made by

the corrupt national Governments. With respect to Mr. Carlile, what was more common than to hear Christians express their belief that "God would reward such wretches as he thought proper," notwithstanding which, they appeared to distrust either the will or the power of their almighty to do an act of justice, and therefore inflicted vengeance with their own hands. Mr. Carlile was suffering under the tortures of these hypocritical vagabonds —this martyr to the cause of truth had undergone persecution of every description; he might be said to have been shipwrecked for his opinions, and although he had plenty of opportunities of escape, had resolutely determined to remain on board the ship as long as a chance remained of saving her; his enemies, in order to carry on their base designs against him, had circulated a report that his reasoning faculties were deranged; when the case was, that themselves were affected with the hydrophobia—they were complete mad dogs—they could not reply to his arguments, and therefore attempted to put him down by physical force; but his genius soared far above their petty intrigues, and he would yet triumph over them; he richly merited the support of every man in the kingdom. Mr. Titley, a gentleman of this town, lately deceased, had made particular inquiry, and found that, where known, he was looked upon as an honest, upright character—he was a good husband, a good father, a good neighbour, and, consequently, a good citizen of the world. Mr. J. concluded by proposing:—

"The bravest, boldest, and most undaunted advocate of the rights of man in Europe—Richard Carlile."

Song, composed for the occasion, commencing,

"Though a prison's walls confine thee,  
Though Christian wretches do thee goad,  
Though Priests and tyrants strive to harm thee,  
Still thy spirit stalks abroad."

Tune.—Marsellois March.

A Gentleman of the company rose to propose a sentiment, which he doubted not would be drank with the greatest cordiality; it was a satisfaction to know, that England contained some unconquerable spirits, willing to risk their lives in defence of the rights and liberties of their fellow citizens, and such individuals, it could not be denied, deserved the support of every human being, whose feelings were in favour of independence: men, aye, and women too, of such a character had come forward, boldly despising the frowns of tyrants, and pointing out the path that leads to peace and happiness; but persecution, (shame to the spirit of the age !) had caught them in her venomous grasp, and vainly attempted to subdue the ardour of their feelings; and if they were not properly supported during their incarceration, a disgraceful stigma would for ever attach itself to the present times. It was not on this occasion that he considered it prudent to solicit a subscription in support of the persecuted

assistants of MR. CARLILE, but he trusted he might be permitted to ask for their sympathy in favour of those praiseworthy individuals; and as he had no hesitation in saying, that the sentiment he was about to introduce, would obtain their support, he would propose it without further observation.

May the persecuted and suffering victims, who have the courage and virtue to disseminate the sublime truths of the immortal PAINE, be rewarded by the present generation, and honoured by posterity.

Song by Mr. Askew Junior. "Why vainly do we waste our time."

THE PRESIDENT said he was about to bring before them a subject, which it was impossible to dwell upon, unaccompanied with the most painful sensations. The record of the horrid massacre at Manchester, would remain as a lasting memorial of the bloody-minded disposition of the English Government, of the present era, but he fondly hoped that ere long, the people would have it in their power to shew, that they were determined not to suffer such barbarities with impunity.

The immortal memory of the brave Lancashire Reformers, who, when legally assembled at Manchester, on the 16th of August, 1819, peaceably to discuss on a redress of grievances, were attacked, and barbarously mutilated and murdered, by a bloody and ferocious armed banditti of despotic desperadoes, acting under the sanction, and enjoying the subsequent approbation of the Government, in the last year of the reign of George the Third, and the regency of George the Fourth. In solemn silence.

MR MASSEY, in a very forcible and energetic speech, pointed out the inutility of religious establishments, which he characterized as the academies of superstition and vice, of every description; "the time will arrive," said he, "though it may be distant, when the edifices from whence priests promulgate their villainous doctrines, will be converted into places for the reception of rational discussions on the arts and sciences," and anticipating such a result, with great satisfaction, he felt pleasure in submitting a sentiment to the company on the subject.

May those edifices erected to prolong the age of superstition, bigotry, and oppression, speedily become Temples of SCIENCE, REASON and PHILOSOPHY.

MR. W. BUTLER, observed, that he rose not so much to make a long-winded speech, as to introduce to the meeting, a toast, which he felt satisfied would be universally drank; he had an abhorrence of tyrants, from the inmost recesses of his mind, and as long as he lived, he hoped to enjoy these feelings. When he reviewed the long catalogue of crimes, committed by villainous kings and priests, whose very existence was a disgrace to the civilized world, he confessed that the bare perusal of the list, caused him to shudder: happy would it be for the world, did no

such an institution as a monarchy, exist to plunder its inhabitants, and render them abject slaves : but, as they, unfortunately, were in existence, throughout the continent of Europe, it was the duty of the people to rid themselves of the burthen as soon as possible. The American people appeared to well understand the intrigues and robberies, practised by monarchical governments, and had wisely discarded their adoption. Mr. Butler proceeded at great length, to detail the vices of kingly institutions, which, he said, afforded protection to priests and hypocrites, and superstition of all kinds, and concluded an able speech, by proposing, The Republicans of every country, and may they shake hands over the grave of the last tyrant.

Song by MR. JACKSON—"Plato's advice."

MR. BROWN, next observed, that he could not let the present occasion pass, without saying a few words of the corruptions, which so glaringly exposed themselves in the religious establishments of the country. This nation was suffering more from the craft of priests, than from the craft of any other race of beings, and therefore he thought that in setting about the work of reform, the foundation of abuses, should be carefully and vigilently undermined. Mr. B. related an anecdote, to exemplify, as he said, the disposition of priests to plunder mankind ; a parson, by a line of conduct, highly reprehensible, had driven away the whole of his congregation, so that at last, not a person came to hear "the word of God." The clerk going into the vestry to inform his master of the circumstance, was accosted with, aye, aye, my friend, I tell thee, I am the shepherd, and thou art my dog, and between us both, we have lost all the sheep, but never mind, sheering day is fast approaching, and then we shall have the fleece ; so lock up the doors and we'll wait with patience the arrival of the plentious day : the clergymen of the establishment care not for the departure of their congregations ; they care not what people do, or where they go, so as they do not attack their craft ; on this subject you must put a padlock on your mouths, or you undergo the anathemas of the vile priest, they are quite willing for you to build meeting houses, but that will not prevent you paying less to the Church ; thus dissenters pay double for hearing their Gospel preached. Priests, like Kings, *will* have your property, if you are unwilling to *pay* them money, they *will take* your goods, and it happens, unfortunately, that no redress can be obtained for such barefaced and scandalous robberies, as the judge upon the Bench and all the authorities under him, will decide against whoever opposes corruption : he did not think this would be the case, if men were not willingly ignorant ; they had ears, and heard not ; eyes, and saw not ; hearts, and felt not ; and therefore he sincerely trusted, that the present very respectable and numerous company would do all in their power to root out oppression, and make the vile oppressors ashamed of their beastly conduct, if shame

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resided within their guilty bosoms, which he much doubted. He concluded by proposing: a speedy relief from the oppression of a persecuting Clergy.

Recitation—"Why ye all powerful many, why so tame?"

Tune—"Scots wha' ha' wi' Wallace bled."

THE PRESIDENT rose to propose the memory of a character which he held in the highest estimation, an individual who had shed a splendour on the land of his birth, but who had been persecuted by the wretches, whose delight appeared to be to destroy the productions of genius and virtue. What a disgrace was attached to the town of Birmingham, by the proceedings of the vile rabble, who destroyed the mansion of Dr. Priestly: at the period when that horrid event was perpetrated, he, (Mr. B.) was young; but he had made enquiry, and he had found that Dr. Priestly's only faults consisted in his being the friend of liberty, truth and justice. The brutes who destroyed his dwelling gave a mortal stab to the sciences; it was impossible to do justice to his character, while other people were indulging themselves in their Bacchanical revels, the enlightened Priestly was studying philosophy, and the improvement of mankind; he (Mr. B.) sincerely hoped that justice would yet be done to his virtues, and that before long, a monument would be raised to his memory which would hand down to posterity, a true character of the man; "The Immortal memory of Dr. Priestly." In solemn silence, standing.

Mr. SMITH, a Gentleman of the Unitarian persuasion, then addressed the company as follows:—

Mr Chairman and Gentlemen,

The memory of Dr. Priestly having been given, I feel myself almost impelled to make a few observations. They are altogether unpremeditated, you will therefore consider them as spontaneous effusions, arising from my present feelings, and my fixed admiration of his character and writings. The bare mention of his name ought to be sufficient to call forth the admiration of all the true friends of liberty and science. I feel the more disposed to make these remarks, because in the character and writings of Dr. Priestly, we see that there is no necessary connection between Christianity and tyranny, but on the contrary, that the firmest persuasion of its truth, and the most ardent exertions in its cause, may be combined with the most diffusive philanthropy, and the purest benevolence. Dr. Priestly was blessed with a liberal education, though under the influence of Calvinistic principles which, for a time, seem to have chained down the energies of his mind, till at length having broke down the barriers which education had raised in the road that leads to truth, and having emancipated himself from the perverting and tyrannous influence of the horrible, and heart-chilling doctrines of a systematic theology, he set himself to the investigation of truth, in almost every branch of science, morals, metaphysics, and liberty, civil and religious, and in his im-

mortal writings the result of his various enquiries, his powerful and vigorous mind, has cast a redundant stream of light on almost every path and avenue which leads to truth, liberty, virtue, and happiness. His principle object undoubtedly was, the good of his fellow creatures, to this end were all his numerous exertions directed. His writings in defence of liberty, can never be forgotten, in which he has so admirably advocated the rights of mankind against the inroads of arbitrary power, tyranny, and oppression; with peculiar force he stripped the errors of Burke of the external glitter which he had wrought upon them by what he endeavoured to dazzle the intellectual sight, and to prevent it from discovering what enormities lay concealed within, and together with the clear, vigorous, and comprehensive writings of Thomas Paine, whose birth you are this day met to commemorate, this giant foe of liberty was bound down to each, and exposed to the contempt, and execration of mankind: yet, notwithstanding the exertions of Dr. Priestly in favour of the best interests of his country, and the world at large, base ingratitude was his only reward. The 14th of July, 1791, cannot be remembered without the most painful and agonizing feelings. Did we not know what bigotry, ignorance, and vice, can accomplish, it would seem almost incredible, that the greatest philosopher of the age, should, in a civilized country, have had his house and invaluable philosophical apparatus destroyed, and even his life sought after with the ferocity of a tyger, and the bitterness of a scorpion, (when too peaceably engaged in his family circle, perhaps meditating on some scheme for the benefit of his country) such have been your deeds, O ye advocates of Church and state, who cry sedition at the corner of every street and proclaim blasphemy from the house tops. The tyranny of his country at length obliged him to seek an asylum in another land, and the wise and good to behold with regret, this great luminary depart from our shore, never to visit us again, except in his writings, which bring him present in every country, and transmit his name to every generation. The ken of knowledge has risen above the horizon, and is hastening on to its meridian splendour, and it is beyond the power of tyranny itself, to stay its progress or tear it from its sphere. The shades of night are departing before its glorious beams, and at length it shall illuminate every corner of the earth. Then shall his country do justice to his memory, then shall that debt of gratitude be paid him, which his country owes him, and then shall they employ the genius of the sculptor to enshrine his memory with the great and good, and place his monumental honours by the side of Newton, Locke, and Bacon.

I cannot conclude without a few observations upon another individual, whom you have this day honoured: I mean Mr. Carlile, now confined within the walls of Dorchester Gaol. Much as I differ from him in theological opinions, (and after no short or slight examination I certainly do) I yet unequivocally condemn the con-

duct of his adversaries, as being arbitrary, impolitic, unjust, and unchristian. If he has denied Christianity with his pen, they have done it in their actions. From all that I have been able to collect concerning him, he appears to be an honest and upright man, bold in the defence of what he deems the truth, and fearless of consequences, and I do not hesitate to say, that I consider him greatly superior to his active opponents, both in his character and his intellectual attainments. If he be wrong, let him be answered, but let him not be persecuted, let him not be robbed of his property, and deprived of the comforts of life.

The following sentiments, with a variety of others, were introduced by the members of the institution, accompanied with able observations.

To the glorious memory of the heroes of every age and nation, who have fought and bled for liberty.

Messrs. Cartwright, Wooler, Cobbett, Hunt, Wolsely, and Northmore, and may their efforts tending to the overthrow of despotism, be crowned with complete success.

When rulers cease to do justice, may the people cease to obey.

May the sword be never unsheathed, but for the defence and liberty of our country, and then may every man cast away the scabbard, until the people are safe and free.

May the despotic measures of the holy alliance, hasten the grand crisis, they are intended to prevent.

The liberty of the press—the freedom of discussion—the vigour of sentiment, and the death of delusion.

May the lightning of reason, and the thunderbolt of popular vengeance, strike to the ground the whole band of political and theological tyrants.

May the efforts of the philosopher and man of science, drive from the world the superstition which has enslaved and brutalized mankind.

The Immortal memory of George Washington, and Benjamin Franklin.

May the unextinguishable lights of philosophy soon obtain universal ascendancy over the human mind.

Simon Bolivar and Thomas Cochrane, and may the great bulwark of Republican principles, which they have erected in South America never be erased, but continue to be imitated by every nation upon the habitable Globe.

May the friends of Freedom throughout the Island, be no longer known but as one consolidated mass of Republicans, and by their united efforts may they annihilate the monstrous impositions that have been practised upon the credulity of mankind.

Prosperity and perpetuity to the Birmingham Paine Club.

MR. HENRY BROWN was chosen president for the next anniversary

## HUDDERSFIELD.

Mr. Abel Hellawell in the Chair.

Who rose and said, Gentlemen, I return you my most sincere thanks for the high honour you have conferred upon me, in calling me to this chair, but wish it had fallen into abler hands. But Gentlemen, I need but say little of the mighty talents of the exalted individual whose birth we are met to commemorate, so incontrovertible are his arguments that every sentence stands firm and immovable, yet so plain, that a child may read and understand; for me to attempt to illustrate them to this meeting, would be as ridiculous as to attempt a flight to the sun: his admirable writings, both moral and political, are equally excellent, and are in print, and every day gaining ground. I will now conclude, wishing you to prove yourselves worthy of that great champion of liberty and virtue, whose memory we are met to celebrate, by giving you,

The Immortal memory of Thomas Paine, the Champion of the sovereignty of the people, in silence.

Mr. Penny then rose and said:—

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, we are once more assembled to commemorate the natal day of the illustrious individual, whose immortal memory we have just been toasting. That it is a necessary thing to meet to commemorate the natal day of those who have been conspicuous labourers in the great work of rendering mankind happy, that the honours so bestowed upon deceased individuals, may stimulate living characters to emulate their virtues, is a truth that no one will deny: but, my friends, let not this, and other such meetings, be mere matter of formality; but let them be stimulants to every individual who may attend them, to go and do likewise! But, especially, let not this be matter of formality, for the illustrious individual, to whose memory it is called, is one, to whom the highest degree of respect that can be paid to a "great man now no more," ought to be paid; and in order to prove that he deserves the highest degree of respect, it is only necessary to take a glance at his whole career, and compare him with his contemporaries—with whom, or what, shall we compare him? Shall we compare him to the audacious, daring, imbecile Pitt? Or the florid apostate Burke? Compare him to these—compare a Socrates with the murderer Alexander—compare a Cato with a Cæsar—a Washington with a Wellington—or, if you

can, compare the virtuous and murdered Riego with his cold-blooded murderers! What, compare a man who drew a great portion of the globe from a state of semi-barbarianism to a state in which it stands, in attitude to give laws to its once conquerors and oppressors; to the man who has ruined his country, who has brought England to be the scoff of surrounding nations, and the jest of the world! What, compare Paine, who was the principal cause of raising America to its present elevated state, still rising in power and influence, with a happy prosperous people? England courting its alliance, and Europe looking with consternation upon its movements—to a Pitt, who was the chief cause of contracting a debt that chained England to the ground! That England, which might once have given laws to Europe—whose dread frown nations beheld and trembled—that England, which once could fight for all, is now reduced, by his accursed measures; to see a nation it boasted to have conquered, go and take possession of, and overrun, an adjacent country, which takes the balance of political power from England, and throws it into its own hands, and cannot, or dare not, stir hand or foot; nay, even told that she dare not hint dislike, for fear of having Russia on her back! I say again, compare the founder of American greatness to the founder of England's fall! Impossible! No, thou, great Paine, stands alone without a rival, the wonder and glory of the world! O, how I envy thee thy greatness! and here envy becomes a virtue! How ridiculous that dogma, "thou shalt not covet any thing that is thy neighbour's" becomes in such a case as this! What not covet the talents and virtues of a Paine? Yes, though all the mythology's that ever disgraced the name of man forbid it, I will! It is the very spur to virtuous actions, to covet the honest fame that alway is or ought to be, given to such characters as the immortal Paine. But for me to attempt to emblazon his political character, is an idle task; for his works stand as an eternal monument, continually emblazoning it. All we have to do at the present day is, to defend his attack upon an odious superstition agaist some well meaning, but weak headed friends. Then, I would ask, what could Paine do in the state in which he stood, but as he did? Was not his mind fully bent upon ameliorating the condition of mankind, at all hazards to himself? And, was not "meddle not with men who are given to change the powers that are of God," rung through the land by every designing knave? I say, were not these and other such disgraceful nonsense, the continual cry? Then,

I again ask, what could Paine do in such a case, but as he did? But say they, if he had flattered the prejudices of the people, it would have been better for him. Flattered the prejudices of the people! Is it the duty of the philanthropist, to flatter or remove them? Did he flatter their political prejudices? No. Then why one more than the other? Had a Socrates flattered the Athenians' prejudices, he might have escaped the fatal bowl: but, who would not rather be a Socrates, than his destroyers? Had Riego flattered the prejudices of an imbecile thing, called king, he might have escaped the scaffold; but who would not rather have the deathless fame of a murdered Riego, than be his execrable murderers? Had Paine flattered the prejudices of a man, he might have escaped the many thousand honourable burnings he has received. But what will be most to the benefit of mankind? was the question with him. True, we have the examples of Spain and Naples, that nations may lay claim to, and obtain, their freedom, and yet be superstitious enough for any thing; but, can they keep it? Have Spain and Naples kept theirs? I acknowledge that it was the popular voice that established the constitution in 1820, in Spain; but, it was the popular voice too, that rejoiced at the death of Riego! Then, go on ye brave, ye virtuous, ye imprisoned individuals, who have attacked the dearest prejudices of mankind! go on, and prepare man to maintain his liberty, when he is in possession of it! It has come to this alternative, that Englishmen must either protect or adopt the political system of Paine, or else see their country sink into oblivion! Then, my friends, who are aware of the situation in which we stand, let us endeavour, at least, to prop our falling country, let us disseminate the principles of the immortal Paine, fearless of the prejudices or frowns of interested bigots! And if England must fall—if Englishmen are determined to see their country subject to the insults of every foreign bravado—if we must sink into the general undistinguished mass, let us sink with this pleasing reflection, that we, at least have done our duty.

Mr. Richard Carlile, the undaunted advocate of free discussion.

The Immortal memory of P. B. Shelly, the author of Queen Mab.

May the Patriots of the next revolution in Europe, proclaim a Republic, and succeed in establishing one.

Mr. John Hunt, the Editor of the Examiner.

Mr. Drakard, Do. Stamford News.

Mr. Cobbett, that great political Luminary.

Humphrey Boyle, Mrs. Susanna Wright, and all the imprisoned shopmen of Mr. Carlile.

Mr. Wooler, Mr. Evans, Sir Charles Wolsely, Mr. Hunt.

The memory of John Horn, Took Volney, Voltaire, and Mirabaud.

May the Age of Reason convince man that he only wills to be free, and he will be free.

May the South Americans (with the assistance of their allies) maintain their independence.

A health to all the Republicans in the world.

With several others, and a many approbriate recitations, songs and sentiments.

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#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPUBLICAN.

SIR,

January 17, 1824.

MENTAL improvement is the most delightful of all our pursuits, and the most productive of invaluable and enduring benefits. At every progressive step, new pleasures unfold themselves, and we become happier as we become wiser.

Ignorance, notwithstanding the truth of the above remark, has met with pretended admirers, and men of éminent literary attainments, have demeaned themselves by sophistically defending a settled state of primitive ignorance.

The first step of Rousseau the philosopher, was to prove that the advance of science had not injured morality. The French academy had put forth a question on the subject, and various authors employed their pens, amongst whom Rousseau shone conspicuous, bore the palm, and received the academical prize. He, however, afterwards wrote a system of education, superior both in execution and tendency. It influenced the greater part of Europe, and numbered amongst the author's friends, all the matrons and female tutors on the Continent.

It is ridiculous to talk about the "bliss" of ignorance. How is it possible that the ignorant can be happier than the enlightened? The poet, Gray, does not say positively that ignorance is bliss but that,

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

This is granted. But then, where is it so? This sentiment is particular, not general, Shakespear says that

" He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,  
Let him not know it, and he's not robbed at all."

OTHELLO.

Ignorance, in cases of this kind, is of course, comparative happiness; but, take it generally, we must acknowledge it to be a sorrowful misfortune that each individual, subject to it, sorely grieves. It is possible to convince the most ignorant, that a man of knowledge and refined sentiments, must necessarily feel *pleasure* more acutely than himself; yet, on the other hand, it must be allowed, that *pain* will operate in the same manner, as it regards the keenness or poignancy of its power: but this modification of the animal system will be studiously avoided, and the other assiduously courted and embraced.

Nature is very favourable to the expansion of the human mind, which, if not crippled by a misapplied art, will break forth in all the varieties of genius. Art, in itself, is but a modification of nature, and when its powers are rightly employed, or put in action, its peculiar spirit delights us with the most beautiful and animated creations; we see it, with admiration, in the painter, the statuary, and the poet, whose variegated colours, symmetrical figures, and harmonious rhyme, display the legitimate characters of their respective schools; a story from the painter is as interesting to me, in the contemplation of it, as if it had been drawn by the hand of the poet himself, who will always possess great power over those whose mental faculties are susceptible of the finer feelings and emotions.

An acquaintance with the *fine arts*, as well as *literature*, gives the mind a superiority really enviable, and the sooner we form this acquaintance, the more immediately are we graced with a fine accomplishment.

A proper course of reading will do much towards expanding the mind. I say a proper course, because some books are not worth the trouble of a perusal, and yet are sought after with greater avidity than any others; I mean novels. Fielding and Smollet are not so much the objects of my censure, as are a bastard species of novelists, who have imitated only the faults of their great originals, and whose volumes are fit for nothing but to be sold to the grocers, tallow-chandlers, &c.,

for waste paper. I must speak plainly out on this matter, and shall therefore give my

—worst of thoughts the worst of words.

SHAKESPEARE.

This branch of literature is composed of innumerable twigs, which, if properly pruned of their exuberance, might be rendered somewhat useful. Novels in general, are a corroding poison in society, embittering the reader's pleasures, which otherwise he might enjoy, pure and untainted. The first verse of a Caladonian lyric, strikes my mind, as bearing on the negative side of the question, and I cannot resist the impulse I feel to introduce it into this article:

Leave novels, ye mauchline belles,  
You're safer at your spinning wheels ;  
Such 'witching books are baited hooks  
For rakish rooks like Rob Mossgeil ;  
Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,  
They make your youthful fancies reel,  
They heat your brains and fire your veins,  
And then you're prey for Rob Mossgeil.

Burns once lived at Mossgeil, and perhaps wrote the song.

Females are the only exclusive novel-readers, and the novel-writing misses, and mistresses, fall more from my good opinion, than Smollett, Richardson, and Fielding, and while I admire the latter, and despise the former, I would not, on any account, treat with disrespect the memory of the fair authors of the Canterbury Tales. Meanwhile, I proceed with my strictures. Novels, instead of supporting female virtue, by strengthening the mind, sap its very foundation, by making the whole frame too sensitive, when the beautiful structure of virtue and innocence, is easily destroyed by those whose heartless pride, and fiend-like malignity, would induce them to boast of the cruel action, and laugh at the sighs and sorrows they had occasioned. The novelist sports with female affections—dabbles and wantons with innocence itself—releases every fibre of the frame—unstrings almost every cord of life—plays with the vibrations of the ears, produces, destroys, and produces again, the most nervous and painful sensations, until the animal machine is disordered by an action and re-action, of conflicting feelings and passions.

The human mind ceases to be *a mind* when order and regularity are no longer predominant, but forced and beaten down into comparative non-existence. The fancy is cour-

ted; hundreds of illusions are admitted as realities; imagination flaps its sportive wings, and skims over the surface of things like a swallow over a lake, occasionally twittering and fluttering round particular objects, and having prevailed upon the memory to follow in the same fairy-like course, they finally write with their myriads of progeny to destroy the judgment, by compelling it to take a tour through regions, where she inevitably gets lost and bewildered, and at last falls a victim to the powerful and capricious tyranny of the imagination. It is thus with the novel reader, thus with the reader of religious books—thus with all who do not possess a determined mind and independent spirit, trying the value of all writings by the touchstone of reason and utility.

Good books are the most valuable things in the world. What can equal them? Nothing, certainly. Do we not find all the world brought together in the small compass of a library room? we can travel in a few minutes into the East Indies, or some other part of the torrid zone—go with Captain Parry into the arctic regions, and yet, at the same time, be set snugly in a chair or on a sofa, with a table before us bespread with choice books, and a few dainties out of the pantry. Oh! the wonderful joys of reading; with not a single sixpence in my pocket I could be content with *plenty of books*, and lay my head, hands, or elbows, upon their hard *bindings*, and think myself on a sofa bed of flowers. Without them I am poor, with them I am rich, or content at least, and

Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough;  
But riches fireless, is as poor as winter;  
To him that ever fears, he shall be poor.

SHAKESPEARE.

Those productions of literary genius, which animate and spur us on to deep research into the prejudices of religion, will be found the most beneficial and instructive; they raise the mind superior to the weak follies of mankind in general, and give it the proper tone and character. I may say of them as Allan Ramsay has said of Shakespeare's and Johnson's plays:—

Reading such books will elevate the peasant's mind,  
Above the lord's that is not thus inclined.

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

I am an industrious bookish wight, and seek after all

books that are written in favour of the liberties of mankind. There is one book I could never get hold of, which is Bayle's Dictionary. "I would go forty miles on foot to kiss the hand of that man" who would merely lend it to me.

M. Desmaiseaux, a native of Auvergne, who came over to this country in early life, and acquired an accurate knowledge of our language and literature," has executed, according to the Encyclopedia Londinensis, a good translation of this celebrated work, which I believe has not been lately reprinted. I wish some of the London booksellers would bring out a cheap edition of it; no doubt it would answer their purpose and be read with avidity. A new translation of Voltaire's great work is forthcoming, out of the hands of the most eminent literary men this country can boast of. The admirers of this great man may prepare themselves, as I have been informed by a person who has read the original, for a feast of innumerable dainties.

The present age is remarkable for the triumph and career of the printing press, and thousands are bent upon acquiring knowledge, who, a few years ago, were in a state of ignorant apathy.

The "Mirrors," "Portfolios," "Mechanic's Magazines," &c. &c. will scatter amongst the people of England, an abundance of good seed, which may hereafter spring forth in the field of free discussion, twining their slender, but beautiful stalks around the more strong and invigorating republican plants, from which an universal balsam may be extracted to heal the wounds which ignorance and prejudice, monarchy and religion, have so cruelly inflicted on the wretched mind and depressed heart of man.

#### EPICURUS.

**NOTE.**—Epicurus is a Lancashire Weaver. He calls himself my pupil; but it seems that he is going on a fair way to become his master. I should be happy to send him Bayle's Dictionary; but stand in the same predicament—never could get to see a copy of it.

R. C.

## TO MR. R. CARLILE, DORCHESTER GAOL.

St. John's, Horselydown, Jan 22, 1824.

A FEW friends to you, of this parish, herewith transmit £9. 5s., not to pay fines they consider unjustly levied, but towards supporting you, in your noble daring for the right of free discussion, virtuously conveyed through what no power should controul—*a press unfettered*.

That you may ultimately triumph over religious delusions *established* throughout the world, by witnessing ESTABLISHED the only true religion—morality, convinced, that Dodsley's morals (the Economy of Human Life,) are far more worth to fix the standard of man—*the mind*, than all the inspired writings, so called, the world ever produced.

We are, your sincere friends,

THE SUBSCRIBERS.

Sundries	3	0	0
From one that admires that Morning Star of Reformation in opinion, Conyers Middleton : see his free enquiry. For John Jones	0	10	0
From an admirer of the virtuous Galileo, whose wish is, that every Man of Science, like Professor Lawrence, may imitate his example. — For W. Tunbridge	0	10	0
The rights of Man by equal laws defin'd, Property sacred, love to all mankind.			
For Susannah Wright	0	5	0
To the disciple of that intrepid Republican, John Milton, the firm defender of Free discussion, and a press unlicens'd. Richard Carlile	1	0	0
To Jane, his Wife, for her Virtuous and steady affection	1	0	0
To Mary Ann, his Sister, for her undaunted perseverance	1	0	0
To Susannah, the Chaste, as a small boon towards repelling the aggression of her elders	1	0	0
To the Noble Army of martyrs for their animated and disinterested determination in vindicating opinions they believe to be correct	1	0	0

## TO MR. RICHARD CARLILE, DORCHESTER GAOL.

Salford, Manchester, Jan. 20, 1824

RESPECTED CITIZEN, of Christian Imposture.

THE members of the Salford Reading and Zetetic Society, and other friends, send you a trifle towards assisting in the cause of free discussion, and at the same time, express the warmest approbation of your past and present conduct, in a cause the most laudable that any human being was ever engaged in; and in particular, of your manly and uncompromising conduct towards the most potent, grave, and reverend saucepan and hand brush-seizing Magistrates, of Dorchester Gaol, at a time when, if you had not exercised that coolness which you did, it might have cost you your life; for no doubt they would be glad to sacrifice you as the Spanish priests did Riego, and not only you, but all the free-minded in the Island; but all their endeavours are, and will be, unavailing, to stop the progress of knowledge; and, in proportion to the malice which they display towards you, you manifest a superiority in moral worth.

What real friend to mankind can look back, without horror, to those times, which we have upon record, to see the degradation of his species by cunning, priestly delusions, the quarrels of political despots all being the result of ignorance; what must we look for in future, but a repetition of the same were, it not for such philanthropic characters as you, who are endeavouring, by moral power, to establish the happiness of mankind upon the sure foundation of truth? In hopes of your speedy liberation, and that of all the imprisoned friends of free discussion, I remain your sincere friend, on behalf of the subscribers,

WILLIAM DRINKWATER.

Joseph Lawton, out of the profits arising from the private Vending of Mr. Carlile's publications to R. Carlile	5 0	Thomas Woodcocks	1 0
For W. Tunbridge	7 0	William Whiteby	1 0
T. T., monthly, from June 22d up to December, to R. Carlile	3 0	E. Hargraves, to the indefatigable and brave Carlile, the intrepid Champion of intellectual Liberty.	
For William Tunbridge	3 0	Long may thou live, fettered minds to relieve,	
Author Irwin	1 0	And from that foul prison soon have thy reprieve.	1 0
James Mellon	1 0	W. Drinkwater	1 0
W. B.	0 6	T. Benbow	1 0
J. Foulkes	1 0	A Friend	1 0
John Lawton	1 0	J. Barton	1 0
Charles Aberdeen	1 6	Watson	1 0
		William Jones	1 0

TO MR. WILLIAM DRINKWATER, SALFORD,  
MANCHESTER.

CITIZEN,

Dorchester Gaol, Jan. 26, 1824.

I MARK with great satisfaction the continuance of your Salford, reading and Zetetic Society: and with thanks acknowledge your continued support. I can perceive that your little association, with that of the Miles Platting Reading Society, are founded on good principles and well worthy of general imitation. It would be well to keep up small associations of this kind, even if larger ones become generally prevalent; because it may be done upon more select principles, with more select persons, with certain harmony, and with more certain and effectual improvement. I have heard of public house meetings for discussions in Manchester; and that in one instance, the Magistrates have interfered to threaten the Landlord; but from all that I know of a public house, it is impossible that any very important discussions can be carried on in them to good effect, and free from abuses of character, free from those brawlings which intoxicating liquor stimulates. I have heard of exceptions in London; but where, I believe, the company is in some measure select. There is nothing more objectionable in public, than in other houses, if you can manage matters so as to keep free from intrusion by disorderly characters; but where this cannot be done, a private house is much to be preferred.

Another evil in public houses is, that the use of the room is purchased by the quantity of liquor drank, and the welcome or satisfaction on the part of the landlord corresponds with that quantity; so that, it is considered a piece of meanness, on the part of each visitor, not to drink a certain quantity, even when his inclination may lead him to wish to abstain from it, or his pocket be too bare to afford it. Another preference for private houses is, that women should be encouraged to join these associations for reading and discussion, even young girls, and this cannot be well and respectfully done in a public house.

The right use for these public houses is the entertainment of travellers, and such persons as have no fixed dwelling; and it would be most desirable, for the morals and well being of society, if they were left to those purposes. I impute nothing wrong to landlords. I have known some most

respectable men and most virtuous families in this situation; the evil is one that has entwined itself with the habits of the people of this country, and is, I am sorry to say, a growing evil, except where the individual is drawn off to seek genuine mental improvement.

Associations for improvement are increasing throughout the country. The Press teems with useful publications, and one, I notice, "The Artisan," that promises to be eminently and cheaply useful, to all young students in a general knowledge of the sciences.

I feel assured that the press will work a wonderful change in the character of the people of this Island, before the close of this century. Never did knowledge increase so fast as at this moment; and never before did the present predict so much for the future.

RICHARD CARLILE.

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FROM BIRMINGHAM.

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J. Marrian begs Mr. Carlile to accept of a Sovereign, the half of which to be given to Mrs. Wright, and the remainder to be divided equally among his suffering Shopmen.

A Nameless Friend, begs also, that Mr. Carlile will accept of a *G c den King*, which he wishes to be divided as above.

A few Friends to Civil and Religious Liberty, at Birmingham, to Mr. William Tunbridge, 12s.